



BRINGING UP.

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver scour a pewter cup—
It will be better still.
Even he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.
A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet, after all, may make no more
Than just a decent fool.
Another, raised by poverty
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.
If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint.
O! don't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

Schamyl, the Circassian Hero.

For a period of nearly thirty years the gallant tribes of the Caucasus have waged deadly war against Russia. But on their side the war has been almost entirely defensive. It has been a war for life and liberty, for home and home; and if ever war was sacred, the war of the Circassians against Russia has been so. Russia, which had overwhelmed Poland and enslaved its population; which had annexed Finland and its adjacent islands; which had subjugated the Cossacks of the Ukraine, and was rolling onward like a resistless flood towards Constantinople; this Russia with its "omnipotent" Czar and his "invincible" hosts, was baffled, held at bay, and repeatedly beaten, by the petty, independent tribes which inhabit the mountain of Circassia. For many years the tribes resisted the armies of Russia, severely, and in small bodies; sometimes they succeeded in destroying their detachments, at other times they were beaten back into their fortresses with great loss. But they never ceased to resist. They fought with a bravery which neither Scotch or Swiss, fighting for their liberties under Bruce or Tell, had ever surpassed. Foot by foot they retired when overcome, and when their enemies, worn out by fatigue and decimated by bullets, had imagined them beaten and dispersed, lo! again did the brave Circassians swoop down from the mountains and smite with fearful slaughter the Russian invaders. At length a great hero arose amongst the Circassians, of extraordinary bravery and daring—a man whose life had been full of perils, and from which he had repeatedly escaped in such seemingly miraculous ways, that the people of the country regarded him as a sacred being, and not only regarded him as a hero, but hailed him as a prophet. Such is Schamyl, the valorous leader of the Circassian tribes.

The tribe which inhabit the Caucasus range of mountains exhibit many peculiarities and varieties. They speak widely different dialects, the constitution of society varies in different regions, and the physical peculiarities of the tribes greatly vary. But they are almost uniformly brave, devoted, and ardent lovers of freedom. It is not improbably that they are the remains of many tribes who, at remote periods had been driven into the mountains by the oppression of the Mongols on the north, and of the Osmanlis and Persians on the south. Or, preferring hardly poverty with liberty, to comparative ease with slavery, they retired into mountain fortresses; and ever since they have flourished there among the gorges and ravines of the Caucasus, a brave, hardy, and beautiful, though, it may be, a rude and comparatively uncivilized people.

Amongst the eastern Circassians, or Caucasians, has the prophet-hero, Schamyl, sprung into life and power, a fit hero for such a people at such an epoch. Russia has been steadily rolling its multitude of Cossacks and Mouglolani southwards towards Persia and Turkey in Asia since Peter the Great's time. First getting itself called in as protector, it gradually became the subjugator of immense tracts of territory. Thus it secured possession of the Crimea; thus it obtained the immense tract of country lying between the Don and the mountains of Caucasus; thus it laid hands on Georgia, and pushed its frontier to the Turkish province of Kars, and thus it has ever steadily been encroaching upon Persia and Turkey on its road to India, in

conformity with the policy laid down in the Czar Peter's last will and testament. The modern war of Circassian independence, began in 1823. Mohammed the Mollah, was then the chief Cadi, or judge of Jarach, a place situated in the small province of Kurin, in the highlands of Lechistan. This wisest Mollah, or priest, of his district had many disciples, who were trained up by him as his successors in the ministry, to spread the doctrines of the Koran. One of the most zealous of these was Khas-Mahomed, who shortly appeared in the field, at the head of a large body of the faithful, to resist, exterminate, and drive forth the Russians from their country, where they had defiled the mosques, ill-treated the women, and stirred up general aversion and hatred. A kind of religious revival was at the same time preached by Mohammed the Mollah, and Hadji Ismail, another earnest Mahomedan, which rapidly spread amongst the people, and the preservation of their liberties was in this revival sublimed into an act of duty and of worship. "All your aims, all your watchings and prayers, all your pilgrimages to Mecca, avail you naught, so long as the eye of a Muscovite looks upon them. Who can serve both Allah and the Muscovites?" And then the people responded with all their might, "Moslem! I was against the infidel! Death and destruction to the Gaiour!" The Russian general heard of these doings, and sent a force to seize the Mollah Mahomed; but he escaped them. And then burst out the war in Eastern Circassia, which has raged ever since. It has now extended over a period of nearly thirty years, and still the brave Circassians are unsubdued, are indeed, stronger than ever.

The first Circassian war-chief was Khasi-Mahomed, or Mollah, above mentioned. He defeated the Russians several battles, besieged and destroyed several of their strongholds, but was at last pursued by the Russians, and besieged in Gindri, where he shut himself up with his followers. The Russian artillery battered the place to pieces, but they did not obtain possession of it till the Mollahs were shot and bayoneted to the last man. The Mollah was found dead, surrounded by the corpses of sixty of his followers; and at his feet lay his chief Mullah, Schamyl, with two bullets and a bayonet wound in his body, apparently dead also. The Russians carried away the corpse of the Mollah, but left that of Schamyl, who survived—his first apparently miraculous escape. In a month afterwards, he was the active lieutenant of Khasi-Mollah's successor, Hamsad Beg. This chief, however, wanted zeal, vigor and military genius. He accomplished nothing against the Russians, but made many personal enemies among the tribes by his cruelties, and was shortly after assassinated by some of the outraged chiefs, who, after murdering him, surrounded the wooden fort in which his murders had taken shelter, fired the place, and all within it perished—save Schamyl, whose escape from the fire and sword of his enemies was the second miracle of his life. This was in 1834, since which year Schamyl has been the recognized leader and hero of the brave Circassians—baffling the Russians for twenty years, and beating them in a hundred battles, from which he has emerged scatheless, as if by repeated miracles. No wonder that his people regard him as protected by superhuman power—hailing him as their prophet-hero, and invincible Mollah.

Schamyl acquired his most valuable knowledge in the school of adversity and defeat. By being beaten, he at length learned the art of beating the Russians. After fighting a bloody battle with the invaders, in which he was defeated with the loss of 1,500 men, at Arguani, in 1839, Schamyl retreated across the mountains to his fortress at Akhulgo, a place built upon lofty rocks, fortified by trenches, earthen parapets and covered ways. Hither he was followed by the Russians and their artillery, under General Grabbe, who determined on storming the place. The stormers fell back with a loss of two-thirds of their number; and the Russian artillery played on fiercer than ever. Another terrible assault was made, and the Russians succeeded in obtaining possession of some of the outworks of the fortress. For the next four days Akhulgo was a scene of indescribable horror. The Russians fought with ferocious bravery; the Circassians, men and women, mad with rage and despair, and hopeless of life, made their last aim the destruction of as many as possible of the accursed Muscovites. The Russians gradually forced themselves into the fortress, but their loss was terrible. The Circassian women assembled on the rocks above, united their strength in detaching huge stones from the cliff and rolling them down the steep, crushing many Russians in their fall. And when the women at last found that their resistance, like that of their husbands, was in vain, they hurled their children down the abyss and leaped after them. The place was taken, but Schamyl again escaped. The writer in

the Westminster Review thus describes his escape:

"The Russian officers had seen Schamyl, surrounded by his murids, in the thickest of the fight, and knew he must be there. After a while, intelligence was received that he and two or three of his murids were concealed in a cave excavated in a face of the cliff overlooking the Koissa, permitting of access only by a ladder, which they had drawn after them. A considerable body of men, horse and foot, was immediately set to watch the mouth of the cave, whence, on the first dark night, the guard observed a small raft of planks being very carefully lowered by a rope into the Koissa; a murid followed, who, after appearing to look carefully in all directions, made a signal; then followed another, and at last came a third in the white garb of Schamyl. The raft was cut adrift, and the whole party dashed down the stream of the Koissa. In an instant the Russians, who had carefully watched the whole proceedings, rushed upon them. The infantry fired from the bank, and the Cossack cavalry waded and swam their horses into the Koissa. The little crew of the raft, after defending itself with tenacity, was soon cut and shot down, but when the Russians examined the corpses, Schamyl was not there. While every one's attention had been drawn from the cave, he had lowered himself by the rope, and swimming the Koissa, had plunged into the forests of the opposite bank. The devotion of his murids had saved the life and cause of the prophet."

1,500 dead lay in the ruins of Akhulgo, and 600 prisoners, mostly wounded, were taken by the Russians. Schamyl's great heart was oppressed, and from his retreat in the forests he offered submission to the Russians. But the Muscovite general dictating terms which Schamyl refused to concede, the negotiations were broken off, and a price of 200 ducats was offered by the invaders for his head. But the defeat of Akhulgo, instead of proving the annihilation of Schamyl's power, only served to consolidate it. The blood-revenge of every one of the 1,500 men who had been slain there, pledged themselves to wage undying war upon their destroyers. For a law resembling the Corsican Vendetta prevails in Circassia, and the death of a blood relation by violence immediately rouses the vengeance of the entire tribe, who will be satisfied with nothing short of the life of his destroyer. Thus the war of the Caucasus, besides being a war for native land, became a war for revenge, and a blood-fest spread up between every tribe of the Caucasus who had lost a relative, and the Russian foe.

Schamyl found he could not beat the Russians in battle, in the open field, nor even behind fortified walls, so he changed his tactics for a time, and began the long guerrilla war which has proved so fatal to the Russians. By sudden and unexpected attacks in unlooked-for places, by terrible razzias and murderous dropping fire from the unerring Circassian rifles, the invaders were harassed and slain. Scarcely a valley among the Circassian hills but was fattened by the Russian corpses. To pursue the agile mountain peers was impossible; they climbed the hill sides like goats; but often their most destructive assaults were unseen, from behind rocks and trees, and from the mouths of caverns overhanging the march of the foe. Schamyl never resisted the entrance of the Russians into the Circassian passes. They went on amid silence—not a sign of life, days passed, the gorges became narrower and darker; then dropping shots from invisible enemies pick off the Russian officers. The fire grew hotter, in the rear, in the van, and along the entire line of march. To charge the mountains up the hills is impossible. But at some inviting point a body of Circassians, led by a murid, dashes wildly down against the advancing Russian column. There is a heavy fire, a brief and bloody struggle, in which Muscovites and mountaineers bite the dust in numbers; the skirmish is over then, but is again and again repeated at other points on the line of march; and if the Russians emerge from the gorge, it is discouraged and harassed, with a large proportion of their force left dead along the defile to feed the wolves which have hovered along their path.

Thus disciplining his forces, Schamyl was at length able to meet the Russian armies in the open field, and in 1842, he inflicted a terrible defeat on Gen. Grabbe at Dargo, in which 2,000 Russians and thirty-six officers were slain, thus terribly avenging Schamyl's defeat at Akhulgo. After Grabbe, who was recalled, came Prince Woronzow with another great Russian force; but Schamyl fell upon them amid the dense beech-forest of Ickheria, and mowed down their columns. When the Russian army came in sight of Dargo, which was the object of the march, lo! it was in flames—Schamyl had fired it. The Russian provisions ran short, and they sent out a strong foraging force. Schamyl allowed them to go, but on their return he fell upon the Russians with tremendous fury, their columns were utterly

broken and routed, and a mere remnant succeeded in reaching Dargo, leaving behind guns, baggage wagons, more than 300 laden mules and horses, three generals, and 1,300 dead men. Woronzow was extricated from his perilous position with the greatest difficulty, and after an immense number of men had been lost. The lying Russian bulletins, however, claimed the taking of Dargo as a victory, and Woronzow was made a prince for his service!

But Schamyl's most brilliant exploit was performed in the year 1846. That his power was now generally recognised and well consolidated may be inferred from the fact that he was able in that year to assemble a galant army of 10,000 horse and foot, with which he burst into the Russian province of Karsia, lying on the north of the Caucasian range, laid waste the Russian villages, routed the native inhabitants of the province to join his standard, stormed the Staniza Urvek, besieged Natschik for six days, and with his fine cavalry carried fire and sword to the gates of the Russian Jekaterinograd. He returned home laden with enormous booty, and the Circassians were safe in their mountains before the paralysed Russians could make up their minds what to do. In succeeding years, Schamyl repeated the same daring incursions, the last of which occurred in 1853, when he broke through the line of Russian fortresses, inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Russian army, captured artillery stores, and reconquered a considerable tract of territory. According to the last intelligence, he is now hovering upon the south side of the Caucasian range, ready to co-operate with the Turks in their attack upon the Russian province of Georgia.

Such is Schamyl—the hero of the Circassians—the greatest warrior now in the East. His people almost worship him. Tribes formerly at feud follow him implicitly and devotedly. He has organized them, disciplined them, and inspired them by his own spirit. His genius as a law-giver is fully equal to his genius as a military leader; and although the country is in a state of war, it is even better governed now than it was when in a state of Russian peace. The separate interests of tribes and clans, often at feud, have given place to a large, free, national spirit, and ardent love of liberty. Schamyl has organized a system of internal communication, a system of justice and local administration, and a regular system of finance, distinguished by extreme economy.

The entire population ruled over by Schamyl does not amount to more than about 600,000—a population only about one-half of that of the county of York. Yet to hold them in check requires a regular Russian army of about 100,000 men of whom some 20,000 yearly fell victims to fever and Circassian bullets. Nor do they succeed in making any impression on Schamyl; on the contrary, his forces and powers of resistance seem to grow yearly. For it is said that even the western Circassians have recently declared in his favour, and all this Russian expenditure of lives, treasures, bullets, and gunpowder is in vain against a small but gallant people fighting for their liberty. As the able writer in the "Westminster Review" (to whose admirable article on Schamyl we strongly recommend the reader's attention) observes:—"The late deeds of the Turkish army on the banks of the Danube do but confirm the moral of Schamyl's history, showing as it does what youthful vigour there is yet in Islam, and how much nobler is the nationality of the free Caucasian than that of the slavish Russian, at heart a savage, but knouted into obedience, chicaned into obedience, and white washed over with an outward semblance of civilization."

Always trust a pretty girl. Beauty is sacred. If she cheats you it will be a pretty cheat. The chances are, however, that she won't. Beauty and goodness, mingle as naturally as sin, brimstone and monsters with huge teeth.

Scene.—The crowded deck of an American packet from California:— Californian to the Skipper—"I should like a sleeping berth, now if you please."

Skipper—"Why where have you been sleeping these two nights since we left?" Californian—"Well, I've been sleeping on top of a sick man; but he's got better now, and he won't stand it no longer."

As the coach was about to leave a village inn, a modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss.

"Friend, there must not do it," said she. "Oh, by heavens! I will," replied the lawyer.

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, rather than have thee swear falsely, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

The Farmer's Homestead.

If now finally, we go back with him from all these exterior liabilities to his own premises again, we shall need, by this time, to memorialize the farmer of what is required of him in his house. If the school has disciplined his thinking faculty and refined his taste; if the town meeting has awakened in him the exalting sense of citizenship; if the church has lifted his heart into communion with the father of all families, and inspired his conscience by the prophecy of life eternal, he will scarcely be content to live a drifing dullard life at home, to play the selfish tyrant in the little political economy of his kitchen and parlor, or to be worse than an infidel by not providing for his own. By derivation the significance of your common title—husbandman, holds you to do something. Husbandman, I suppose, are not bachelor men. Now, as nature has done her part towards furnishing a husbandman, by making you a man, she presumes you will finish the business by making yourself a husband. Husband is a household, or organizer of household life. Organize it by not only the sterling home-bred domestic moralities, but by the binding chain of those thousand amenities that distinguish a cultivated home from a barbarian's hut. The delicate angel of the beautiful knocks at your door and begs admission, as well as the strong angel of the useful. Is there the fine eloquence of order; is there the displaying touch of taste; is there the simple and just adorning of nature round all your domestic, in all your front lawn, on the walls and tables and furnishings of your dwellings?

How many hours of a spring morning would it take to enshower your windows with all that is graceful in green foliage, and winning in floral splendor! Plant trees before your purchase Venetian blinds and painted pickets. You will carry a gentler and therefore a milder heart in your breast all day, if you pass out of a genial circle through the fragrance of lilacs, and roses, and honey suckles. See that the sons and daughters are interlarded by honest more spiritual than gregarious pipes. Let the harmonies of evening music weave their souls into some gentle and lofty sympathies, winning the boys over from ruder pleasures and youthful companionships by the pre-occupations of a cheerful courteous and hospitable fireside. Starve your palate, if need ever be for such denial to slock your library. Raise the tone of the farm house table-talk, if you can, and let the ladies help, above stale gossip, common places of the day's and scandalous cattle. Hang the proceeds of your premiums at cattle-shows on the wall, not in battle scenes, or dabbled millinery, but in the shadings of some pleasing picture that reflects a glorious idea or a heroic sacrifice. Household life is not to unfold in to grace and moral loveliness by accident, any more than the wealth of your garden or orchard. It must be cultivated. And take it Christianity speaks as much of that higher kind of economy as of butcher's meat and breadstuffs, when it pronounces him that provideth not for his own house to be an infidel.

[Rev. F. D. Huntington.]

Irish Wit.—An Irish boy who was trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman about hiring him; "but this I know, you were born in Ireland." "Och, your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose your old cat should have kittens in the oven, would they be loves of bread?" The boy got the place.

CISTERS.—Look well to your cisterns. To any one who has examined the contents of a cistern, it is evident that the water and dirt at the bottom often have a stenck in them, while the water in the upper part of them is comparatively sweet and pure. This is owing to the mass of putrid carrion.

In all rain, river and sea water, there are immense numbers of animals so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. Infuse a little pepper in it, to give activity to them, and then place it under a microscope, and it will be alive with animals. They are infusoria. They are short lived, and from their immense numbers, often form one-fourth of the rich mud at the mouths of our rivers.

So with the mud in the bottoms of our cisterns. It is caused principally by the deposit of this animal matter, and undergoes decomposition, putridity, and produces stenck, the same as any other animal matter. Unless it is cleaned out at least once a year, the water becomes the essence of carrion. To say nothing of the unpleasant smell, its use is undoubtedly often the cause of sickness and death.

[Ohio Farmer.]

Judge Lane of Indiana, is prominently spoken of for Oregon Governorship.

ANNABEL LEE.

Poe's exquisite ballad of "Annabel Lee" goes the round of the newspaper press, every month or two, but invariably an incorrect version. The following is "Annabel Lee" as originally published in the Southern Literary Messenger.

It was many and many years ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud by night,
Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
And shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea)

That the wind came out of a cloud, chilling
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of my poor Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing
me dreams,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, at the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

Dog Fight in Frogtown.

There is an excellent moral in the following story, which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village, or a whole church, is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two dogs:

The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frogtown, on the frontier of Maine, some years ago. It engrossed the entire community in one general melée, interminable law suit, or suit of law suits, distraction of the town, its downfall and ruin!

A fanciful genius named Joe Tucker—a man about town, a lounge without visible means of support, a do nothing, liquor loving, cigar smoking, good natured fellow—owned a dog, a sleek intelligent, and rather pretty beast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far better by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunions grocery store, when a great pig-bald, ugly looking dog, standing along side of a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's dog, knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was then passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner, that she stumbled backwards and her old sunbonnet flapped off scared the horse attached to the wagon. He started, hit Lathern's harber pole, upset the load of wood, half of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar struck one of Gumbo's children on the head, killing it for a time stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs. Gumbo that she dropped a stew-pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap of a customer, who sat, waiting for the savory concoction, by a table in the corner. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child—the customer for the dog; Mrs. Gumbo screamed—the child screamed—and the customer yelled.

"Oh, oh, oh, my poor child!" Cried Mrs. Gumbo.

"Eh, eh, e-e-e-e!" Screamed the child.

"Oh, murder-r-r!" O, my everlasting sin, I'm called to all eternity! Murder-r-r!" roared the customer.

The horse, and part of the wagon, and some of the wood, were on their mad career. The owner of the strange dog came out of the store, just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog; and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street, and striking the foot of a long ladder, upon which Jim Elderberry was perched, point pot in hand, some thirty feet from terra firma, brought ladder, Jim and point pot sprawling on the earth, crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling blue paint copiously over the broad cloths, sateenets and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal

and even tempered Quaker, who ran out to the door, just as the two dogs had gone at it, hip and thigh, nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice he called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up—

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting!" "Let 'em fight it out," yelled the pug-nacious owner of the strange dog. "Let 'em fight it out—I'll bet a load of wood my dog can eat up any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a mild man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country, stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed into the store, from the back yard having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a bridle cur, strong, long, and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee. Hike! seize upon him! Tuck, here boy!" and the dog went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody, for the insult and damage to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten pound ten upon the face, back and sides of his burly antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bally stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the spars fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by that of Abraham Miller, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to his sumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling; and Deacon Pugh armed with his heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so—

"Fie, fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful! you men, citizens of Frogtown, will you stand by, and—"

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh!" cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs!" shouted the Deacon, with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh!" echoed the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then?" shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh." "You did!" responded the Deacon, with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly!"

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller! I never uttered a mendacious assertion!" reiterated Abraham.

"You—you lie!" bawled the Deacon. "Thee has provoked my evil passions, Deacon Pugh!" shouted the stalwart Quaker, "I will chastise thee!"

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the spirit of the thing, and we leave them thus "nip and tuck," to look after the stranger and Bob Carter, who fit and fought, fought and fit, until Squire Catohem and the town constable came up, and in their attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offender, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker, doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker in attempting to aid the constable, was hit in mistake by the furious blacksmith in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar, with frightful velocity! The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue—while two Irishmen, full of fun and frolic, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately; so that in less than an hour, the quiet and happy village of Frogtown was shaken from its propriety by one grand sublimely ridiculous and terrific battle. Heads and windows were smashed—children and women screamed, dogs barked—just flew—labor ceased—and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn that the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row; the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalped, a wagon broken; the horse ran himself to death; his owner was beaten awfully by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were badly scared, a magistrate, constable, lawyer, Deacon and Quaker pommelled, a painter crippled for life, a jewelry shop damaged, and the good name of the village of Frogtown lost forever, all in consequence of a remarkable dog-fight.

It is understood that the Deacon Bank and the Bank of Carthage, New York, recently suspended, will be re-established, within a few days.